To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
Yfhe wil take it, ſo, if not adiew,
And for my loue, I pray you wrong me not.
An. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Noteries,
Giue him direction for this merry bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite,
See to my houſe, left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue; and preſently
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
An. Hie thee gentle Iewe. The Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſa. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.
An. Come on, in this there can be no diſmay,
My ſhips come home a month before the day.
Exeunt.

Enter *Morochus* a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with *Portia*, *Nerriſſa*, and their traine.

Morocho. Miſſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayreſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make incyzion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Portia. In termes of choyſe I am not ſoly led
By nice direction of a maydens eyes:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtinie
Barrs me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,

And

with ouer-wetherd ribbs and ragged ſailes,
leane, rent, and beggerd by the ſtrumpet wind?

Enter *Lorenzo*.

Sal. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweet freends, your patience for my long abode
not I, but my affaires haue made you waite:
when you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approch
here dwels my father Iew. Howe whoſe within? *Ho;*

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſſ. Who are you? tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I doe know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenzo* and thy loue.
Ieſſica. *Lorenzo* certaine, and my loue indeed,
for who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
but you *Lorenzo*, whether I am yours?
Lor. Heauen & thy thoughts are witnes that thou art.
Ieſſ. Heere catch this casket, it is worth the paines, *'tis*
I am glad 'tis night you doe not looke on me,
for I am much aſhamde of my exchange:
But loue is blinde, and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
for if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
to ſee me thus tranſ-formed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
Ieſſ. What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames,
they in themſelues goodſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcouery loue,
and I ſhould be obſcurd.
Lor. So are you ſweet *a*,
euen in the louely garniſh of a boy, but come at once,
for the cloſe night doth play the runaway,
and we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanios* feaſt.
Ieſſ. I will make faſt the doores, & guild my ſelfe
with ſome mo ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
Gra. Now by my hoode, a gentle, and no Iew. *Gentile*
Lor. Beſhrow me but I loue her hartilie,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.494) Octavo